almost unearthly loveliness as when one descends down a glade of the Wangat Valley,, one day's march up the Sind, as one Is carried in the dandy over the rocky twisting path above :

> The mighty river rushing, sobbing seawards^

and descrys a first view of the Indo Greek temples of the Lord of Ghosts at the head of the glen, just beneath the eternal snows. The wild white roses are here dyed deepest pink, old rose in fact, and the du Barri tints of the wild indigo flowers rival them in intensity, as though to heighten the effect of the snowy peaks seen behind the colonnades of pillars their thickets clothe, of temples twenty cen-turies old.

It is said that King Jalauka who reigned over Kashmir in the second century, B.C., came every day in the astral body thirty-five miles from his capital Srinagar, to bathe in the sacred spring beside the temple. But one day he was absorbed too much In his regal duties and forgot to come. When at length he remembered his puja * it was too late in the

day, yet he would not eat without having first bathed and worshipped, as every true Hindu

* Worship.